



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1804.

Friendship put to the Test.

From the French of MARMONTEL.

[translated by a young lady.]

(continued)

JULIETTE did not know how to answer her; she durst not mention the right which Blandford had over her; that would have made her hate him as the source of her misfortune. She chose rather to lessen her fears: "I would not," said she, "conceal from you the danger of fruitless love; but the evil is not without remedy. Six months absence, reason, friendship; how can I tell? perhaps another object."

The Indian interrupted,—"Say death; that is my only remedy. What! can reason cure me of loving the most accomplished, the most worthy man on earth! Will six months absence give me a soul, which loves him not? Does time change nature? Friendship may compassionate me, but will it cure me. Another object!—You cannot think so. You will not do yourself that injustice. There are not two Nelsons in the world; but were there a thousand, I have but one heart, and that is given away already. That was a fatal gift you will say: but if it be so, let me banish myself from Nelson, and hide the sight of myself and my tears from him. He is not insensible, it would affect him; and if it be a misfortune to him to love me, pity itself would lead him to do so. Alas! who can with indifference see himself cherished as a parent, revered as a deity! Who could find himself loved, as I love him, and not love in his turn!"

"You would not expose him to that danger?" replied Juliette: "you would

conceal your weakness from him, and will triumph over it: Corally, you do not stand in need of the strength, but the courage of virtue."

"Alas! I have courage against misfortune; but is there any against love? What virtue would you have me oppose to it? They are all engaged in his favour. Indeed, my lady, you talk to little or no purpose; you cast a gloom over my understanding; you diffuse no light on it. I must see Nelson; he shall decide upon my life."

Lady Aldbury, in the most cruel perplexity, seeing the unhappy Corally fading and languishing in tears, and asking leave to depart, resolved to write to Nelson to come and dissuade the girl from returning to India, and preserve her from that disguise of life, which daily consumed her. But Nelson was not less to be pitied himself. Scarcely had he left Corally, but he perceived the danger of seeing her, from the reluctance he found to part with her. Every thing that seemed trifling to him, when with her, became serious on being deprived of her. In the violence of solitude he had examined his soul; he found there friendship languishing, his zeal for the welfare of his country weakened, almost extinct, and love only predominating, with that sweet and terrible dominion which it exercises over good hearts. He perceived, with horror, that even his reason had suffered itself to be seduced. The rights of Blandford were no longer sacred; the involuntary crime of depriving him of Corally's heart was at least excusable; at the worst the Indian was free, and Blandford himself would not exact it as a duty that she should be his. "Unhappy wretch, cried Nelson, shocked at these ideas, whither does a blind

passion hurry me! The poison of vice gains ground, my heart is already corrupted. Is it for me to examine, whether the deposit committed to my charge belongs to him who entrusted me with it: and am I authorised to judge, to whom it belongs, when I promised to keep it. The Indian is free, but am I so myself! should I call Blandford's right in question, if it were not with a design to usurp it? My crime was involuntary at first; but it ceases to be so, when I give my consent to it. What! shall I justify perjury! I believe that an unfaithful friend is excusable. Who would have told thee Nelson, ah! who would have told thee, while embracing the virtuous Blandford, that thou couldst conceive a doubt, whether it were lawful for thee to rob him of one who was to be his wife, and whom he trusted to thy fidelity? How excessively does love debase a man! What a strange revolution does it produce in his heart? Ah! let it tear mine to pieces if it please; yet it never shall make it either perfidious or mean: And though my reason should leave me, my conscience, at least, will never betray me. Her light is uncorruptible, the cloud of the passions cannot obscure it; it is my guide, and friendship, honour, and fidelity are not yet without a support."

Notwithstanding the idea of Corally was always before him, had he seen her only in her native charms, adorned with simple beauty, bearing the serenity of innocence on her countenance, on her lips the smile of candour, in her eyes the fire of desire, and the enchanting air of voluptuousness amidst all the graces of her person, he would have in his principles, in the severity of his manners, a sufficient preservative against seduction; but he imagined he saw the amiable girl

as full of sensibility as himself, more feeble, and without any other shield than a discretion which was not her own, innocently indulging a propensity which would make her unhappy; and that the very pity she excited in him served only as nourishment to his love. Nelson blamed himself for loving Corally, but forgave himself for pitying her. Sensible of the miseries in which he was going to involve her, he could not bear the idea of her tears without thinking of the sweet eyes which were to shed them, or of the panting bosom which she would bedew with them; and the very resolution of forgetting her endeared her the more to him. He attached himself to her in the very act of renouncing her; but in proportion as he found that he grew weaker, he became the more courageous.

"Let me give over all thoughts of a cure, said he; I exhaust myself in fruitless efforts. It is a fit which I must suffer to go off. I burn, I languish, I die, but all this is included in suffering; and I am not accountable to any one for what passes within myself. Provided nothing escape me without, which may discover my passion, my friend has no grounds for complaint. It is only a misfortune to be weak; and I have courage enough to be unhappy."

After this resolution of dying rather than violating the rights of friendship, he received a letter from his sister, he read it with emotion, with an inexpressible extasy: "Sweet and tender victim, said he, thou groanest, thou wishest to sacrifice thyself for my repose, and my duty. Forgive! Heaven is my witness, that I feel more than thyself, all the pains I cause thee. May my friend, thy husband, come soon to dry up thy precious tears. He will love thee as much as I; his happiness entirely depends on thee. In the mean time it is requisite that I should see her, to keep her from a second elopement, and to console her. I see her! What danger should I expose myself to? Her irresistible charms, her grief, her love, her tears which I cause her to shed, and which it would be so sweet to catch, those sighs which escape from an artless and simple heart, that language of nature, whereby the most sensible heart expresses itself with so much candour—what trials to support! What must become of me! And what can I say to her? Be that as it will—I must see her, and speak to her as a friend, as a father.

After I shall have seen her, I cannot, at best, but be more agitated, more unhappy on that account: my own repose is out of the question, it is his which interests me most; the happiness of my friend, who she must live for, depends upon it. I am certain I can conquer myself, and however great the conflict shall be, it would be both a weakness and a disgrace to decline it."

On Nelson's arrival, Corally trembling and confused, was fearful to come in his sight. She had ardently wished for his return, but on seeing him, a mortal coldness crept through her veins. She appeared like one standing before a judge, who was going with a single word to decide her fate.

How great were the feelings of Nelson, when he saw the roses of youth faded on her cheeks, and the fire of her eyes almost extinguished! "Come, said Juliette to her brother, calm the mind of this child, and cure her of her melancholy. She is killed with the vapours for being with me, she wishes to return to India."

Nelson, speaking with the voice of friendship, wanted to prevail on her by the tenderest reproaches to explain herself before his sister; but Corally kept silent; and Juliette perceiving that she was a restraint upon her, went out of the room.

"What is the matter with you; Corally? What have we done to you? said Nelson. What is it that makes you uneasy?"—"Do not you know? Could you not have discovered that my joy, as well as my sorrow can no longer have but one cause? Cruel friend! I live only thro' you; and you avoid me; you would have me die!—but I am mistaken, you wish not that I should; they go farther, they insist that I should renounce you, that I should forget you. They frighten me, damp my spirits, and force you to make me distracted. I ask only one favour of you, said she, falling on her knees, it is to tell me whom I offended in loving you, what duty do I violate, or what unhappiness do I occasion? Are there here such cruel laws, or are tyrants rigorous enough to forbid me the most worthy use of my heart and my reason? Must I love nothing in the world? Or if I may love, could I make a better choice?"

"Dear Corally, replied Nelson, nothing is more sincere, nothing more tender than the friendship which attaches me to you. It would be impossible, it

would be even unjust if you were insensible of it."

(to be continued)

From the (Wilmington Del.) Mirror.

SERMONS FOR DEMOCRATS.

BY TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

Judges XII.—5 & 6. "Art thou an Ephraimite? If he said, nay: then said they unto him, say now Shibboleth: and he said Sibboleth: for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."

THE moralist of the present day, on reading the above passage would, with uplifted hands exclaim, what an unfeeling people were these Jews who could so lightly sport with the lives of their brethren! Who could cut off thousands on no better evidence than the pronouncing of a single syllable!! God be praised, those days of illiberality are long since past. Man now is considered of more real value in the sight of his fellow: and no *trivial pretences*, things that in themselves are not criminal, can strip him of any of his rights, much less of his life. Yes, yes, re-echoes the deep read, cautious politician, man stands, now in that rank for which he was designed by his kind Creator. All are amenable to the laws which know no ranks or conditions. Liberality of sentiment is the order of the day. Persecution is no more—and equal respect is given to every person behaving well in society, whether he saith *Shibboleth* or *Sibboleth*. This is very true, replies the religious professor, that no person is persecuted on account of mere trifles in opinion, and we have all great reason to be thankful; for although our wickedness, our irreligion and infidelity abound in the present day above all that has been found in any former period, yet in these things you have mentioned, we possess the advantage. The life of man is more respected, his civil and political rights better known, and among the professors of religion there is more charity, but perhaps that results from their being more luke-warm, than formerly; but in this as well as in politics every man may say *Sibboleth*, or *Shibboleth*, just as he pleases.

It is a remark which has been often made, and which deserves often to be repeated, that, generally speaking, man is blind to his own faults, but sees clearly those of his neighbour. We condemn the Jews who stood at the passages of Jordan and slew their brethren who could not well pronounce a certain syl-

lable, examining them no further; but we consider not that in many instances, our conduct is as reprehensible, and our stickling for trifles as tenacious as their's. Life it is true, in this part of the world is more respected, and civil and political rights more enjoyed, than in any other; but still the hand of illiberality is stretched out, and it appears evident to me, that many would gladly unsheathe the sword of persecution. In other parts of the world, man's life is as little regarded, his rights as illy defended and as scantily enjoyed as formerly. In proof of the above assertions, let us attend to the Shibboleths and Sibboleths of the present day: Ye to whom these sermons are particularly directed are called democrats, while a very respectable portion of our citizens are distinguished by the name of federalists. Why, my friends, these punctilious distinctions? Is not your constitution your boast and glory, FEDERAL? Is it not DEMOCRATIC? Have not both parties engaged to support it? Both approve of it; nay, still further, should any daring disturbers of our tranquility attempt its destruction, both would immediately unsheathe their swords and preserve it at the peril of their lives. And yet, with shame be it spoken, a few designing men disregarding the public good, for the advancement of their own private ends, have stirred up brother against brother and father against son; have endeavored to kindle the fire of civil discord; nay, so high have they carried their scheme towards active operation, that not long ago, a *step further would have produced a civil war*. The creed was prepared, the Shibboleth announced, and nought remained but to enforce their illiberal laws by an executive sanction, and even this was in part obtained. But the watchful eye of providence was over us, the arm of Deity extended, and these planners of mischief defeated in their wicked views. Yet still the punctilious distinction is preserved, and without reasoning further than the Jews at Jordan, the pronouncing *Sibboleth* or *Shibboleth* makes a friend or a foe, convicts a man of being an enemy of his country or a true and valuable patriot!! It is high time to examine this matter. Let us act as wise men ought. Let us first weigh and then judge. Experience has often declared it, that the most promising trees produce not always the best fruit, that oftentimes the most public professors are the slightest doers: let us therefore examine men by their actions,

they speak a language that cannot be mistaken; and banish prejudices which have their being only in nominal distinctions.

Another Shibboleth to which men, envious of our happiness, wish astenaciously to adhere as the Jews at the passages of Jordan, is NATIVE BORN CITIZENS. The opinion that one man is better than another, because born in this or that country, is of such an ancient date, has been so carefully inculcated and so generally obtained footing in every country, that by many it is received as a self evident truth, altho' nothing can be more untrue. At present I shall not detain you with proofs of its falacy, only just observe that a cursory view of our country is the best answer that can be given to such assertions.—Peopled by emigrants from every kingdom of Europe, it is not for us to say that the accidental thing of being natives of this or that climate confers superiority. In Europe, where the most illiberal distinctions are kept up, where nation is inflamed with hatred against nation, by those who govern them with despotic sway, that so the people may the more easily be stirred up for each other's destruction, the purpose intended thereby is well answered; but here, where we are united in *one people*, under the best and purest form of government on earth, where the sublime precept of "*love one another*" should be constantly inculcated and universally observed, it can answer no good end. No man can chuse where he will be born, consequently for that which is merely accidental he can neither receive praise nor bear blame.—Why then make it a Shibboleth of distinction? Is it not to render citizen jealous of citizen? Foreigners jealous because they think it is in contemplation to strip them of their natural and ACQUIRED RIGHTS? Native citizens jealous, lest naturalized citizens uniting in one, shall snatch from their hands all the power of government? Thus the one party have their Shibboleth and the other their Sibboleth and the enemies of both planning our ruin, first tamper with the one, then with the other, sanguinely hoping for the final subjection of both—wishing, nay, insisting that neither shall lay aside their unjust surmises, but like the Jews at the passages of Jordan pursue to utter destruction those who cannot pronounce Shibboleth with their accent and cadence.

That man who styled himself A Citizen of the World deserved approbation

for the liberality of his sentiments, but he who does all the good he possibly can whilst in this life, as far exceeds the former as acting exceeds saying: he therefore who does most good to society is the best man, whether he be a naturalized or a native citizen. Let this alone be the test. This the only Shibboleth of distinction; it will equally affect both—for it is a truth no artifice can conceal, there are bad men in each party.

My brethren, a little stroke, a small exertion of strength cuts down the oak when a scion; but let it become a tree, let it be matured with age, let an hundred summers and as many winters make firm its body, how many strokes, what repeated efforts! what exertion of strength will it not then demand ere the same effect is produced? The time to root out prejudices is when they are young; they can then be traced up to their proper cause; but when they have had a long seat, when by habit they are rendered inveterate, when the source from whence they flowed is no longer known, it is next to impossible to get them eradicated. And finally my advice is, that essential principles not speculative ones, real action not declamation, practice not profession, uprightness of behavior and propriety of conduct, doing mercy, loving justice and walking humbly; and not being born in Philadelphia, or London, Dublin, or Jerusalem, Paris, or Amsterdam, should ever entitle a man to your approbation and that of his fellow citizens.—Let this be the alone Shibboleth, this the only test, and be assured acting thus ye will have the chiefest consolation which can be obtained—the approbation of a good conscience. Ye will be instruments of your country's peace, happiness and prosperity, and will leave to your posterity liberty unadulterated, an unequalled constitution, and freedom unstained by licentiousness.

TIMOTHY SPINTEXT.

IS it not a mortifying consideration, that the powers of reason should be less prevalent than those of motion; and that a page of Seneca cannot raise the spirits, when a glass or two of Madeira will. It might, methinks, something abate the insolence of human pride to consider, that it is by increasing or diminishing the velocity of certain fluids in the animal machine, which elates the soul with the gayest hopes, or sinks her into the deepest despair.

AN ORIGINAL TALE—BY ADELIO.
(continued)

JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF

CHARLES COLEMAN SAUNDERS.

TIME rolled rapidly along; my exertions pleased Mr. BRANART; my knowledge increased; my reading, and conversation with man, enlarged my mind, whilst it corrected many of my errors; my hopes of distinction were raised, I thought I saw the path of fame open as I travelled: Mean time my leisure hours were passed in the society of the amiable EMILIA BRANART, the first impressions which I had felt at the sight of her, were strengthened and confirmed; nor did I think her opinion of me unfavorable, and I believed I should have no cause to repent my journey.

But this pleasing calm, this feast on lively hopes of future prosperity, distinction and happiness, was doomed to be interrupted, by an alarming circumstance: I had been sent to repair a clock at the house of a gentleman in race-street; returning home, just as I stepped on the pavement, I saw a stage coach arrive at a neighboring house; wishing to see if any of the passengers were known to me, I stopped, and to my astonishment, saw CARNELL descend from it; a cold shuddering seized me; the sight of this being filled me with sensations of a dreadful nature; they were connected with a sense of the dangers to which I thought myself again exposed; this man I was convinced, had sought to destroy me, and now again haunted me for the same dreadful purpose. Yet, how could he have discovered my residence? I had imparted no hints of the place of my destination on quitting my native spot, to any human being; yet he was here; causes with which I was wholly unconnected, might have induced him to visit Philadelphia; pleasure, business, for aught I knew this city might be his home, yet I still labored under the conviction that I, and I alone, was the object of his journey, to gratify his revenge, to embroil his hands in the blood of an innocent man. And was his vengeance to be gratified only by my destruction? Was there no method of warding off the impending danger? Could I not cause him to be apprehended? I had seen him in my cham-

ber, armed with the instruments of death, at the hour of midnight; but I was the only one; my voice alone would not condemn him, and if it would, dare I charge him with meditating a deed, of which he had perhaps never formed an idea? It was at least possible, I might be mistaken, it might have been some other, my apprehensions had probably deceived my senses; these, and many more reflections passed rapidly through my mind, but produced no other effect than to confuse it with the uncertainty of probabilities, and the horrors of apprehension.

Nothing, however could be done; no means could be pursued, to ensure my safety, or lull my fears. I was obliged to wait with patience the unfolding of this mystery, and prepare myself to meet, with firmness, whatever might happen.

Walking in the state-house garden,* was a favorite amusement with EMILIA; thither I frequently attended her, when the warmth of the summer days, made the coolness of the evening, and the fragrance of the garden inviting; here, enjoying the society and conversation of the object of my fondest affections,—I was suddenly seized by two officers of justice: I was surprized, and enquired their business, "Our business, Sir," said one of them, "is with you." You have mistaken your object said I, with me you have no possible business; they however, insisted they were right, they mentioned my name, and even my former place of abode; after a vain altercation I accompanied them to the mayor's office, and answered many questions, and was finally informed I was charged with the crime of murder! You may form some idea of my astonishment at the information; EMILIA had accompanied me to the mayor's, she believed the officers labored under some mistake, and her feelings may easily be conceived when she found me charged with the commission of so detestable a crime; yet what she knew of my character and conduct, seemed not to accord with that of a murderer; she requested I should not be sent to prison; she believed me innocent, and related those events of my life which had fallen under her observation: The mayor was a humane man, but he was compelled to fulfil the duties of his office; "All you have stated," said he, "may be true," but I, he observed, was

charged with the murder of a young woman, who had long been missing. I had entered the city under very suspicious circumstances, &c. if I was innocent the truth would shortly appear; this was not the place of my trial, his duty, however, obliged him to confine me, and I was sent to prison!

Of all the strange adventures I had met with, this was the furthest above my comprehension: I could recollect no circumstance of my life which could possibly create suspicions of this nature: I did not think myself a dubious character; during my residence in the city I had lead a quiet and inoffensive life; how then was this to be accounted for? It was evident some person had lodged information which would justify my confinement, in the judgment of the mayor; but here I was almost entirely a stranger, and who, except actuated by the spirit of a demon, would accuse me of any crime, without possessing at least a shadow of proof; the crime, too, was so detestable, I had never even meditated it; I was lost and bewildered amidst innumerable and useless conjectures: At length the idea of CARNELL occurred, and with it a train of terrifying images; might not he, I asked, have caused my apprehension? Might he not have suborned some desperate villains, to prove me guilty of the crime? The conjecture seemed probable: instigated by revenge, he had already sought my destruction; and was not he who could deliberately meditate the death of an innocent man, capable of any deed, however enormous and detestable? Thus did I bewilder my senses by endeavoring to guess why I had been apprehended; my few friends, in the mean time, visited me in prison; they believed me innocent, and endeavored to impress a belief, that I would, on trial, be proved so, and be honorably acquitted; for this occasion, I summoned all my firmness to my aid, yet I could not avoid reflecting with pain on the misfortunes I had encountered in consequence of quitting my paternal home; I had left it, chiefly to avoid assassination, and was now to suffer death, (perhaps) for a crime of the commission of which I was innocent.

(to be continued)

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest possession is health, the greatest ease is sleep, the greatest medicine is a true friend.

* This place was then the resort of people of fashion and decency.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

IN my last number, I laid it down as a postulate, that each of your correspondents was actuated by good intentions; and offered a few queries for consideration, at least, expecting that such answers would be produced as would permit me to judge favorably of my opponents: I am sorry that in this I have been disappointed.

When we engage in controversy, nothing can, in my opinion, give more pleasure to an ingenuous mind, than to have an antagonist of abilities to cope with: then, improvement is the result of the discussion; but dullness and want of method in either, render the controversy uninteresting, and it is retired from with disgust.

Before I make any observations on the principal subject in discussion, it is necessary to take some notice of L'AMI. He addresses me thus, "convinced that I must enter into a tedious controversy on a subject which will be pleasing to no one but a logician." If so, L'AMI ought not to have written; for as the greater number of your readers are not logicians, and since he has not absolutely sure that he could please those who were, the better way would have been to have laid aside his pen, and like Uncle Toby have whistled *lilliblaro*, or any other tune which might have pleased himself.

In his second paragraph he says, "the way to acquire virtue is first to know where she resides, whether in matrimony or celibacy;" I answer him, she resides in neither; her residence is in the breast of the man who, with a heart filled with love to God, doth unto all men as he would they should do unto him—in the mind of that woman, whose sympathising spirit feels for the distresses of others, affording consolation to the mourner, and exhibiting by her walk and conversation an example of those things which are just, lovely and of good report;—But he proceeds, "The observations of ADELIO do him much honor I confess; because arguments, however futile they may be, in support of a bad cause, are very commendable—and should be accounted as a great sign of ingenuity."—That L'AMI may endeavor to improve in his composition, is my sincere wish, assuredly he needs it much:—first he says, "arguments in support of a bad

cause, are very commendable;" this is by no means true, for example, would that man deserve praise who would argue in favor of atheism? Secondly, he asserts that arguments "however futile, should be accounted a great sign of ingenuity"—surely, Mr. Scott, a gentleman who can give us so many latin quotations, should at least know that *futile* signifies trifling, worthless, of no importance, &c. and how such arguments can be signs of much ingenuity, I leave to L'AMI to explain as well as he can; for my own part, I think futile arguments can do no man honor on any subject, and arguments in support of a bad cause deserve no commendation:—But he proceeds in his curious way, "We would not wish marriage to be altogether extinct"—well, this is kind—"If a person can get a virtuous and chaste wife, *provided she really is so*"—Indeed, can she be virtuous and chaste, and not really be so? O L'AMI! L'AMI!—try if possible to write sense, —his next sentence is not yet finished, and until it be, it is impossible to answer it—the reason is evident, two latin lines pushed so hard for a place, that the poor sentence being only English, fell half finished from his pen—what a pity!!!—

But my ingenious opponent goes on, "That the Author of our being destined woman for an help-meet to man, we cheerfully assent, that he destined all mankind for salvation, is beyond dispute; but will all be saved? or is she an help-meet as was pre-determined she should be?"—Does not L'AMI know, that to destine is to doom, to fix unalterably?—If therefore, the Deity hath unalterably fixed that all mankind shall be happy, undoubtedly they will be so, for he executes all his designs; and if he destined woman for an help-meet, she cannot cease to be an help-meet, otherwise the destination of Deity is void:—but L'AMI ought to know how to use terms better;—his conclusion is, "let us then omit marrying until we can get a virtuous wife, and I fear we will never leave a state of celibacy"—this beautiful sentence brings to my memory an anecdote of a little boy who thus accosted his tutor, "dear sir, is not my aunty a fool? she said to me, Billy my dear, never go into the water till you learn to swim"—surely such an adept in language, such a dealer in latin, ought to know that a lady is never termed a wife until after marriage.

His postscript equals his other produc-

tions—"I am no great logician, nor you either:"—The first, he has so evidently demonstrated, that it is as clear as any proposition in *Euclid* that he knows little about either logic or composition; but the second, that I am no logician, remains with him to prove—and his assertion will not establish the point.

At last we have something like argument, tho' very *futile*—"If celibacy produces misery, how can one be happy in it? or if matrimony cause felicity, how can any be wretched in it? When we see one man ruined by gaming, we say it is a pernicious practice, we do not wait for all men to feel the effects of it, before we give our judgment." Happiness pure and unmixed is not attainable in this state of existence, it is reserved for one infinitely more exalted: That celibacy is not calculated to produce happiness in any degree, is evident, because it is not according to the will of Deity, in his order of nature; and happiness only can flow from an accordance with his will.—First, let this be proven, that celibacy is consonant with the divine will, and then in it we may be sure to find felicity.—Marriage being the ordinance of God, is capable of producing the greatest possible happiness in this life, otherwise the divine Author instituted what was not the best system; and if so, either cannot be infinitely wise, or is not infinitely good. Yet although it is thus good and flows from infinite wisdom, some individuals may be unhappy in it by reason of their head-strong passions, irregular appetites or vicious inclinations; so all the things which God hath made may be abused, because for wise purposes he hath permitted evil to be in his world, which is the best possible system;—thousands may, nay do, use the good things of this life well; yet many abuse these good things and are the source of their own misery—his example of gaming is a miserable shift, unworthy the name of argument, with what face does he compare marriage, the ordinance of God, with gaming, the disgrace of man? Mr. Scott, I have spent more time with L'AMI than his production deserved, his performance is sufficient to answer itself; I would recommend to his perusal Lord KAME's elements of criticism and BLAIR's Lectures, ere he writes much more; also, to lay aside his useless parade of latin quotations and study English, let him study the correct language of the Spectator and remember that sentences stuffed with latin have been reject-

ed by good writers long before the time of ADDISON—I have only to add one word more—he must write more correctly or he shall never again be noticed by

AN ADVOCATE FOR

MATRIMONY.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

COMMUNICATION,—IX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAPPY, says the Marquis BECCARIO, is the people among whom the study of the law is not made a science: unhappy, then, also may we say would a people like that of America, for instance, be without. If it were now as at Rome, in the days of CICERO, when a man could acquire a perfect knowledge of the law in three months, we might indeed join in the exclamation. But now that they have become numerous and intricate, it is absolutely necessary that some persons, should make their study “a science;” for, what leisure would any commercial man have to ‘ponder over the black letter?’ Or if he had three or four years to spare, would it be worth his while to do it for the few causes he may have? Certainly not; hence the necessity of lawyers; yet, in admitting this, it is not to be understood that I approve of the *present breed*. No, far from it, I detest their mean artifices, by which unwary persons are drawn into snares from which they are extricated with the greatest difficulty—often utterly ruined.

Of all men, those of this profession should maintain the most spotless reputation. To them are confided the characters, lives, and property of their fellow-citizens; the scanty earnings of the pauper, equally with the abundance of the rich man. Nor are they less confided in by the widow and the orphan. How base, how infamous is it then, that those—men of the bar (place before *men*, what you please, I cannot put *gentle*;) betray such important trusts!!—The wretch who will knowingly injure the oppressed, deserves the execration of every honest man, to be hooted out of society, and disgraced in the utmost extent and meaning of the word.

I may be thought too severe to condemn, and bestow opprobrious epithets indiscriminately upon all, without exception.—Let those who think so, sus-

pend their judgment, until they may be involved in a law-suit wherein their attorney has room for equivocating, and they will soon justify me in the epithets; as to implicating every one of the profession, strict observation will show that I do them no wrong.

I know several instances where lawyers have leagued together, to put off a cause from one court to another; *screwing* a fee, by some insinuation, out of their clients at each term.—An opulent gentleman, resident at Philadelphia, had some dispute concerning a debt. He applied to an attorney, who soon found means to incense him against his creditor, to such a degree that he swore he would not pay a cent unless compelled by law. A suit, of course was instituted; the plaintiff likewise applied for legal advice to —. The two lawyers link together, having mutually exulted on the good state of their *clients’ pockets*. Accordingly the cause was put off for several years, by the defendant’s counsel, who plead “*not ready for trial*!”—At length, the plaintiff, tired out, resolved to call on the defendant, explain matters, and desire an amicable suit; their *eyes being opened*, they agree: The case is finally settled by arbitration, after twice the amount of the debt had been *fed away*!!

Another similar, though more distressing one, occurred lately.—Mr. — dying, left his widow and five small children a handsome estate. In the will, his wife was nominated sole executrix; but she deemed it expedient to take counsel with respect to her proceedings. Application was made to Mr. —, who declared he had her interest much at heart (how much better to have said his own!) and would do all in his power to promote it.—Shortly after, in settling the estate, a circumstance took place, which he saw, he could turn to his advantage; nor did he fail to do it. Having leagued with his *intended* or *apparent* opponent, they planned a scheme, which, to be brief, terminated in their acquisition of the estate, by degrees, leaving the distressed widow and her helpless orphans to deplore their ruin.

I need make no further remarks, you will draw your own conclusion.

Yours, &c.

PROTEUS.

P. S. Being in company some days since, the question was asked “*why lawyers seldom go to law against each other?*” A person present very ingeniously replied

with the follow quotation from JUVEN.

AL:—

“Cognatis maculis similis fera.—

quo nemore unquam

Expiravit aper dentibus apri—?

Indica tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacem

Perpetuam: sociis inter se convenit ursis.”

That is,

“The leopard spares those of his own spotted kind. In what forest did one boar ever die by the tusks of another? No! the Indian tigers live together in continual peace: and the fiercest bears never fall out.” P.

ANECDOTES, &c.

THE COUNTESS DE LAVAL.

THE Countess de Laval had been observed by servants who sat up with her on account of some indisposition, to talk in her sleep a language that none of them understood, nor were they sure, or indeed, herself able to guess, upon the sounds being repeated to her, whether it was or was not gibberish.

Upon her lying-in with one of her children, she was attended by a nurse, who was of the province of Brittany, and who knew the meaning of what she said; it being in the idiom of the natives of that country; but she herself when awake, did not understand a syllable of what she had uttered in her sleep, upon its being retold to her.

She had been born in that province, and had been nursed in a family where nothing but that language was spoken; but when she returned to her parents, she had no opportunity of keeping up the use of it; she did not understand a word of Breton when awake, though she spoke it fluently in her sleep.

HUMOROUS CROSS-READING.

A list of the fellows of the Medical society—publicly whipped for sheep stealing.

Ran away from the subscriber in June last—a two story house with an orchard adjoining.

Strayed or stolen, a two year old steer—had on a felt hat and blue overalls.

Several farmers are now sowing—nail rods, glass, rum, sugar and brandy—owing to the high price of provisions.

A good new milch cow—wants to hire genteel boarding and lodging.

The house took up the secret communications—relative to some women of pleasure—the galleries were immediately cleared.

The hon. court of probate for the district of P.—was brought to bed of twins, both likely to do well.

TWO clergymen, descanting on the mischiefs which had crept into the church, one of them said that a large portion of his flock were tinctured with *deism*; the other complained that many of his congregation were still worse, being infected with *atheism*. "And I am sure," added a by-stander, "that nearly half of our parish is, at this minute, sadly afflicted with *rheumatism*."

THE ILL CONSEQUENCES OF PRIDE.

A YOUNG lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's woods. 'Pray madam,' said the grey-headed steward, 'may I humbly intreat that you will not go far from home: you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality.' 'Give your advice,' answered she, 'when desired. I admit of no instructions from servants.' She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and a cool breeze. Fatigue seized her, regardless of high birth; and she sat down on a smooth spot at the side of a high road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owner of which would be proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the first thing she saw was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postilion. 'You are far from home, madam, will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's?'—'Prithee, fellow be not officious.' Night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a country man on horseback, 'mistress, will you get up behind me, Dobbin is sure footed, you shall be set down where you will, if not far off, or much out of my way.' 'Mistress! exclaimed she, how dare you presume.'—'No offence,' said the young man, and rode away, humming the song, *I love Sue*.

It was night: the clouds gathered, the leaves of the trees rustled; and the young woman was terrified with what she took for strange sounds. There came an old man driving an empty dung cart. 'Friend,' said she, with an humble accent, 'will you let me go with you?'

Pride is the most galling burden a person can walk under. Prudence saves from many a misfortune: pride is the cause of many.

FEMALE LITERATURE.

THERE was a time in France, and even all over Europe, when Gentlemen thought it beneath their dignity, and Women thought it beyond their sphere, to seek for knowledge. The first looked on themselves as born for war, or for idleness, and the latter for dress and coquetry. The ridicule which even Moliere and Boileau threw on learned women, seemed, in a polished age, to justify the prejudices of barbarism.—But Moliere, that legislator in the morals and decencies of the world, certainly did not pretend, when he exposed female pedantry, to laugh at wit or learning. He only attacks the abuse and affectation of them; as in his *Tartuffe*, he attacks hypocrisy, but not virtue. Instead of writing a satire against women; if the exact, the solid, the laborious, the elegant Boileau had consulted some of the most ingenious Ladies at Court, he would have added to the art and merit of his works some flowers and graces, which would have given them still greater charms. In vain has he endeavoured, in his satire against women, to ridicule a lady of rank who had learned astronomy. He would have done better to have learned it himself. It is true, a woman who neglects the duties of her condition to cultivate the sciences, is culpable even in her successes; but the same disposition of mind which guides us to the knowledge of truth, leads us also to the fulfilling of our duty.

Voltaire.

THE JACULATOR.

• MR. HOMMEL, late Governor of the Hospital at Batavia, gives the following account of the Jaculator, or Shooting Fish, a name alluding to its nature. It frequents the shores and sides of the sea and rivers, in search of food. When it spies a fly sitting on the plants, that grow in shallow water, it swims on to the distance of four, five or six feet; and then, with a surprising dexterity, it ejects out of its tubular mouth a single drop of water, which never fails striking the fly into the sea, where it soon becomes its prey.

The relation of this uncommon action of this cunning fish, raised the Governor's curiosity: though it came well attested, yet he was determined, if possible, to be convinced of the truth by ocular demonstration.

For that purpose he ordered a large wide tun to be filled with sea water; then had some of these fish caught, and

put into it, which was changed every other day. In a while they seemed reconciled so their confinement: then he determined to try the experiment.

A slender stick, with a fly pinned on at its end, was placed in such a direction, on the side of the vessel, as the fish could strike it.

It was with inexpressible delight that he daily saw these fish exercising their skill in shooting at the fly with an amazing velocity, and that they never missed the mark.

TRUE RELIGION.

THE religion of a Barbarian consists in offering to his gods the blood of his enemies. To be a strict observer of useless ceremonies, and negligent of the real duties of a man; to repeat certain prayers, and preserve his vices; to fast, but continue to hate, to cabal, to persecute; such is his religion. That of a true Christian commands him to look upon all men as his brethren, to do them all the good he can, and to pardon them when they offer him an injury.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1804.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Mr. W. W. Woodward has just published the first volume of *Scott's Family Bible*, with copious marginal references, notes and practical observations. Recommendations are very strong and respectable for this excellent work.—Also just published by W. W. W. *Oriental Customs*; or, an Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, by Samuel Burder,

—“An obsolete custom, or some forgotten circumstance, opportunely adverted to, will sometimes restore its true perspicuity and credit, to a very intricate passage.”

BISHOP LOWTH.

Mr. Jacob Johnson is making preparations for presenting to the citizens, of the United States, an edition of “*A New Cyclopedia; or, Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, by the celebrated Dr. REES.”

MARRIED—On Tuesday 17th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, the Rev. Jacob J. Janeway, junior pastor of the 2d Presbyterian church, to Miss Martha Leiper, daughter of Thomas Leiper, Esq. all of this city.

—On Tuesday evening 23d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, Mr. Charles Jolly Brooke, merchant of this city, to Miss Eleanor Musgrave, of the Northern Liberties.

—On Wednesday 24th inst. at Friends Meeting-House in Germantown, Dr. John Moore, of Chester county, to Miss Catharine Robeson, daughter of Mr. Peter Robeson, of Roxborough, Philadelphia county.

—On the 1st inst. at Frankford, by the Rev. Thomas Potts, Mr. William Worrell, to Miss Margaret Sullivan, daughter of Col. Sullivan of that place.

DIED—At New York, on Monday 16th inst. of a lingering illness which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Janeway, consort of Mr. George Janeway.

Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

LINES,

Addressed to a young lady, on seeing her weep for the loss of some FAVORITE FLOWERS, which were destroyed by frost.

HOW varied are the scenes of life!
With pleasure, pain, with peace and strife,
With num'rous joys, and num'rous ills,
The change to man each hour fulfils.

In early life, some cheering ray
Of hope, portends a prosp'rous day;
Till low'ring clouds the sky o'ercast,
And chilling storms our prospects blast.

By disappointment's killing frost,
The zest of ev'ry comfort's lost;
Misfortune's frown and haggard grief,
With sorrow's tear blight ev'ry leaf.

Then why, my lovely * * *, that sigh?
Each earthly joy, like flow'rs, must die;
Why drop a tear for these, whose state
Is but an emblem of our fate?

Cease then to mourn for faded flow'rs,
And learn from hence t'improve your hours;
The time afforded here, employ
In search of never-fading joy.

Th' instructive lesson these impart,
Should sink impressive in your heart;
Teach you to look for joys above
All earthly blessings—heav'nly love.

KASKADANDA.

From the Monthly Anthology.

A TALE:

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

WHAT feats are acted in the skies
Are present to the muse's eyes:
So Homer sings, whose muse made known
What pass'd at Cloud-compeller's throne.
Tho' mine, a bashful slut, assumes
No birth so near the parlour rooms,
Like Helen, at her weaving sits,
Or sings her sorrows, while she knits;
Yet lately fill'd with courage equal,
She wrought her sampler with the sequel.
When last was swept the star-pav'd floor,—
(And in the moon dropt many more,—)
Our earth *this*, like a meteor, sought,
And left her to be scolded for't.

The Graces, when too young to feel
Disgrace at being ungenteel;
Ere madam Venus took upon her
To use them for her maids of honour;
And simple, as a turtle dove,
That feeds on flies, split-peas and love;
Came down, where sat my muse a stitching,
And rais'd a riot in the kitchen.

Fatigu'd with romping, (what the harm
About the hearth to chat and warm—
The fire with tongs and shovel punch,
Or try the tricks of mother Bunch.)
How pointed every falling brand,
How crowd the sparks on either hand,
On whom the starry volume roll'd,
They watch as signs, that fate unfold.
But ah, they ne'er believed it true,
Who plays with fire will quarrel too!
And now essaying to discover
For whom should sigh the first fond lover,
By damp unbroke, green chestnuts strewing
Upon the hearth with embers glowing
They see, ah cause of dire mishap,
They see, alone in Thalia's lap
Whole crowds of smoking kernals shot—
(Unfailing sign of luckiest lot.)

Terpsicorne now looking round
Some meaning for the omen found,
For Mars, than any red-coat bolder,
Was peeping over Thalia's shoulder,
Just like the devil when he's spoke on
With all the lover's pining look on.
Now was the time, alas, ye muses,
Could heavenly minds bear such abuses!
That Envy, ragged imp of spite,
And twinborn with the fiend of night,
At whose vile birth the Gorgons scream'd
And east winds blew and lightning stream'd—
That Envy down the chimney broke
And round them brush'd the blinding smoke.
His eyes of microscopic sight
On sudden cause of mischief light,
To kindle which he calls his fellows
To bring his strife-inflaming bellows.
Quickly his eyes, with jaundice speckled,
Observe that Thalia's cheek was freckled,
And further down successful stole,
Disclosing on her neck a mole.
With gladness reddening, like a blister,
He whisper'd Phrosy and her sister,
And of the contrast made a handle,
To make them learn and love to scandal,
Of painted faces then they hinted,
Of borrow'd shapes and looks that squinted.

Miss Thalia, nettled by such joking,
Declared 'twas shameful, rude, provoking,

And prinking up her head and stomach,
Vow'd, she their meaning could not come at.
Although unus'd to vaunt her own,
She wish'd her merit fully known,
And hence appeal'd to better judges
For the award, that Envy grudges.
The action brought—no matter how—
At Venus' court—observe them now
Before the umpire standing fearless,
Give tokens each of beauty peerless.
One often laugh'd, her teeth to shew,
In ruby set a pearly row;
And all the charms of dimples prove,
Those very hiding holes of love.
Another's sighs and lisping tell,
She has a heart susceptible—
While this so leer'd and danc'd so wild,
As every limb and feature spoil'd;
That scowling sat, as if she strove
To terrify them into love.
The queen, at length impatient grown,
Veil'd all her beauties in a frown,
And vex'd, they so mistook their natures,
Upstarting cri'd,—“out, out, you creatures—
Think ye such studied airs delight us,
Such tricks of monkeys—out, you fright us!
And come, when next you aim to please,
'Ray'd in simplicity and ease.
Dismiss dull art, that painted savage,
So watchful beauty's form to ravage;
Nor be the moral hint despis'd
Within this accident compris'd.
For Envy 'twas, that first began
To disarrange fair nature's plan;
Essay'd by more distinct grimace
To rival e'en celestial grace;
And spurious ornaments invented
To make the vain be discontented.
Hence Folly wears her cap and bells,
And Fashion all the rout impels;
While scarcely Virtue dares to linger,
When Grandeur beck with gilded finger.
By no relenting softness check'd
From poisoning, while he can infect,
The slippery fiend delights to glide
Unseen within the weaker side.
Surprising thus the heart of youth,
Ere principle attains its growth.
From that original were sent,
False wit and false accomplishment,
With fabrications that displace
Both native sense and native grace.

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